UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

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Humanism Instinctive

By FRANK CARLETON DOAN

Echoes from the American Citizenship Foundation Dinner

By LOUIS L. MANN

A Spiritual Quest and Venture of Faith

By BILL SIMPSON

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

Part II, Chapter XXVI. By M. K. GANDHI

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCIX MONDAY, MARCH 14, 1927 NUMBER 2

IN HIS OWN COUNTRY

A new thing came and they could not see,
A new wind blew and they would not feel it.
Out of a world of wizardry,
With a scent picked up in Araby,
And a charm for the hurried mind to heal it,
And a song blown west from Arcady;
A new wind blew and they would not feel it.

Their watchers looked for a wind to blow;
And the new wind sang, and they could not hear it
It slipped at dusk by the mean dull row
Of their narrow houses from fields of snow
In a magical land: They were very near it
For wonderful moments, and did not know,
The new wind sang and they could not hear it.

If they had heard it, who could not hear,
If they had learned it, who would not listen,
They had seen lost fairyland near, so near,
And the tarns of elf-land shimmering clear;
They had seen those pinnacles beckon and glisten
That now will never be seen by them here;
If they had heard, but they would not listen.

Lord Dunsany.

Justice moves with leaden feet, but when she strikes it is with the hammer of Thor. What is left of Fall, Doheny, Daugherty, Denby, and incidentally Harding, after the decision of the Supreme Court in the oil-lease cases, is not enough to sweep up and cast into the ash-bin, to so fine a dust have these dishonest men been pulverized. And this decision, be it noted, was *unanimous*. Twelve ignorant, confused and terribly bored jurors, as in the recent Fall-Doheny trial, might acquit, but judges, clothed with authority and weighted with responsibility, once they saw the facts, could give nothing but an absolute and all-inclusive verdict of "guilty." Thus ends the most scandalous case of official corruption and betrayal in American history. So long as that history is written and read, these men will be remembered as crooks, thieves, liars, and traitors. Justice is slow, but when she strikes it is with the thunder-bolts of Jove.

So there is to be another strike in the bituminous coal industry. Page Puck! Society needs to be reminded "what fools these mortals be." What a fuddling, blundering lot we are, to be sure! After all the experiences of the past, American society deliberately permits another catastrophe to loom, with no adequate provision against its havoc. Nay, we do not merely permit the event; we plan for it; we bring it on. It has already been scheduled. The *pourparlers* who disbanded their conference the other day understood what they were about. Both sides knew they were passing out to battle. Both understood the battle would be unavailing to the particular purpose each professed. Certainly they knew that society as a whole stands to lose. An industry on which depends the well-being of multitudes directly, and the entire population indirectly, is to suffer another disaster. There are three parties, as always, in industrial disorders. The community as a whole is one. The magnates and managers are another. The workingmen are still another. Which party will history most severely castigate? All will suffer, of course, tomorrow and the next day. Who will bear the weight of censure in the final assize? The workingmen? Scarcely. They always fare best at the bar of history. Their excesses are condoned, and their heroism in contending against terrible odds is applauded even when they fail, sometimes the more applauded the more signally they fail. How will the magnates fare? Oh, they will be scorned. Their greed will be condemned on general principles, but their frankness will be recognized. Their realism will be approved as crude but intelligible. They go out for the bacon and they bring it home. The third party, which today whimpers and whines over the wickedness of the contestants, expecting sympathy in its woes—this third party will get what is coming to it from the historian. The community can stop this sort of foolishness any time it wants to. Time, don't you think, that we developed a robust and intelligent wanter!

If anybody has to be sent to command the United States Marines in China, Smedley D. Butler would seem to be the right man. He is a marine, with whatever virtues a marine may have, and without the worst of his vices. He has the kind of courage which braved charges of disloyalty to the "guild" in the exposure of drunkenness and bestiality on the part of a fellow-officer. The episode in California not long ago will not soon be forgotten. He has another kind of courage which made him intolerable to the politicians of Philadelphia when he was there, commissioned to suppress violations of the Volstead Act and of the city ordinances against drunkenness and liquor-vending. The politicians finally won, but General Butler made them expose themselves as they have rarely or never been

compelled to do before. This recent close contact with civil life must have left him less the military martinet than are most of his more encysted military colleagues. He at least knows there are other folks. He was closely enough thrown into contact with political governmental affairs to realize that all situations cannot be hewed through with a battle-ax. All of this experience and training he will need in his new post—and then some! His Philadelphia history shows that he is a man who can fail with some degree of graciousness. Which virtue will certainly stand him in stead at his new post! For fail he must. Nobody can succeed in making the operations of United States marines on Chinese soil a glorious achievement. General Butler will only succeed in making the outcome less lamentable than would less seasoned leaders. We may hope that contacts with sensitive, intelligent leaders of the Chinese national movement will reveal to them the human qualities of the man, and that his virtues will be counted to the American people for righteousness, or for a certain degree less of unrighteousness than is otherwise inherent in the situation.

Whether a certain mode of life, or standard of conduct, pays or not, may well be regarded as a matter of minor consideration. Still, in this modern world of pragmatic idealism, it may be well to ask now and then if righteousness succeeds, and it is heartening now and then to discover that it does. We thought of this a little while ago when two citizens of Cincinnati died on the same day—February 22nd, the anniversary of the birth of Washington. One of these Cincinnatians was Judson Harmon, former Governor of Ohio, former Attorney-General of the United States, distinguished jurist and lawyer. "He was the happiest of men," said a newspaper despatch. "He was universally beloved . . . a man of the highest ideals," was the tribute of Chief Justice Taft. Harmon's handsome face and knightly figure were the outward and visible sign of his inward purity of heart. He died at home, mourned by kindred and friends; he was buried with a whole city sorrowing at his bier, and a nation giving reverent salutation. Now look at the contrast! On the same day, a few hours earlier, died another Cincinnatian, in exile in Florida. This was R. K. Hynicka, for twenty years political czar of his city. Beginning his political career as a henchman of the notorious Cox, he succeeded in due season to the throne of power. "He was an absolute dictator," said a newspaper despatch. "No person could be nominated as a candidate for any office on the city or county tickets and no person could be appointed to any office in the city or county government without his approval." Basking in power and luxury for two decades, he at last fell victim to a public uprising in 1925. Already extensively interested in theatres, Florida real estate, horse-racing, etc., he fled his political kingdom, and now is dead. We searched the press in vain for any word of eulogy. There was no mention of family, friends, or public mourners. Already his name was forgotten and had to be identified when he died, while Harmon's was a name known, honored, beloved, and sure of long remembrance. Does goodness pay? Well—look on these two pictures!

We publish in this issue, in our department, "The Field," the story of Karl Robinson, of Los Angeles. It will be noted that Mr. Robinson had an experience with the Los Angeles police in regard to official discrimination in the use of public park and street spaces. Prevented by the police from distributing and selling pacifist publications in Pershing Square, on the ground that nothing of the kind could be allowed in this place, Mr. Robinson chanced to observe that in this same Square the United States Government had established a recruiting station, and was using a considerable area of public territory in the prosecution of this business. Seeing in this an excellent precedent for his enterprise, Mr. Robinson forthwith proceeded to set up a news-stand, and present for sale current copies of the *Nation*, the *World Tomorrow*, UNITY, etc. He was, of course, promptly arrested, hailed to court, and sentenced to prison for thirty days. Then two things happened. First, Mr. Robinson went on a hunger strike, which he endured with unfaltering patience and courage till the end of his sentence. Released on the verge of utter collapse, he is now enjoying a safe return to health. The second thing which happened was vigorous agitation by pacifist friends in the city for a "show-down" on this matter of the use of public parks for military and naval recruiting. Led by Rev. Robert Whitaker, who has himself known the honor of prison service for conscience sake, these friends besieged the mayor, the chief of police, the park commissioners, and apparently accomplished nothing. But listen! On February 21st, Mr. Whitaker demanded a final answer to his petition against the U. S. recruiting service in Pershing Square, and received at last the laconic report, "*The recruiting service permit is terminated April 1.*" This impresses us as a remarkable victory. It shows what can be done on a real issue by a few determined and courageous people.

Another impressive episode, of a different type and with a different outcome, has just been reported to us by a friendly correspondent. The story comes from Prague, and has to do with a certain Franz Lederer, a former member of the Czech Volunteer Legion and holder of decorations for valor in the Great War, who has been sentenced by court martial to five months imprisonment in a military fortress for refusing to don a uniform and shoulder a rifle. This soldier has evidently learned something since 1914.

for he justified his refusal to answer the call to the colors for annual training on the ground that his pacifist and humanitarian creed forbade him to bear arms. Indeed, he seems to have undergone some kind of a convulsive and redemptive spiritual experience, for the newspaper despatch goes on to state that Lieutenant Lederer had distributed his savings, amounting to 20,000 crowns, among the poor, had abandoned a good job in favor of another man, and in the coldest weather had left his overcoat lying in a field for anybody to pick up, so that he might give the garment and not obligate the recipient, to give thanks in return. The most interesting and significant part of the story comes at the close, as follows:

> Lederer described himself as a disciple of Christ, Tolstoy and Goethe. Alienists pronounced him entirely sane.

It is obvious that the moment Lederer declared himself to be a follower of Jesus, and undertook to prove this by conduct of a consistent, thoroughgoing and heroic character, he came immediately under the suspicion of being a lunatic. When it was discovered that he was "entirely sane," the authorities resorted at once to the only alternative explanation, that he was a criminal, and thrust him into prison. In acting in this way, the Czechoslovakians were living up to the most distinguished and reputable precedents. From Calvary down to the present day, Christians have always been regarded as either insane or criminal.

The new plan of cooperation between Congregationalists and Universalists, duly announced in these columns, contains no details of startling moment. When the Commissions of the two denominations recommend that "the ministers and representatives of each denomination be invited to sit as corresponding members in the . . . associations of the other denomination and to participate in their deliberations," that "the agencies of each denomination . . . be urged to arrange for just programs for promotion," that "there be mutual interchange of representative speakers at national, state and local gatherings," etc., it is obvious that no revolution has come in the religious world. But details such as these are of trivial importance in a matter of this kind, and should not be put into the foreground of discussion. For it is the spirit and not the letter which giveth life. Here are two great denominations making formal declaration to the world that the days of separation, rivalry, competition, jealousy, hostility are over in the religious world, and the days of cooperation come. Here is a demonstration that Christian sectaries are not hating and fearing one another any more, but are respecting and loving one another, and finding practical ways of worshipping and working together. That this has enormous spiritual significance is obvious. That UNITY, so long pledged to the ideal of fellowship, is delighted at the achievement goes without saying. We wish that, thus well-started, our Universalist and Congregational brethren had gone a good deal farther; we wish that, like their Canadian brethren, they had ended their separate sectarian organizations, and established a "United Church." But we are not going to lament over what has not been done, and thus lose the joy of enthusing over what has been done. Long steps toward the ultimate goal have been taken, and the goal is thus in sight today as it was not yesterday. Congratulations to both these historic and now forward-looking bodies! They are pointing the way, and leading thereupon.

Humanism Instinctive

"A Little Child Shall Lead Them"

In recent years the market has been flooded with books written, and the air filled with lectures and sermons spoken, to explain and defend the thing called "humanism"; to show that it is more rational than Rationalism itself, more true than Absolute Truth itself; and so on. As if that were the way of humanism! As if humanism were a "school" of thought that it can be taught! As if it were just a new kind of metaphysic to be set over against the old! They little know humanism who think thus. Humanism is a "state of mind." Like Boston: something tells you that you are there the moment you arrive. As a state of mind it is not connected, except very loosely, with the mechanism of Reason; it belongs rather to the instinctive life of a man. This is why the humanist is of all men the freest. He is the least bound by the "brute-facts" of the empiricist, the least impressed by the axioms and arguments of the rationalist. With a sure instinct he feels the truth in his inward parts. Which is to say, he knows it in its relations to his own humanity. He is quick to feel, quick to act, quick to see all that is human, for example, in any religion. And that, we may say in passing, is why if you scratch a humanist you will generally find a mystic under his skin.[1]

This is evident, this alliance of humanism with the instinctive functions of the human mind, in the religious life of little children. They may not know God but they feel him. They may not know the Truth metaphysically but they have a feeling for it that would put many a metaphysician to shame. They have no

1. This applies particularly to the continental humanists: for example, Lessing, Herder, Fichte, Feuerbach. But it applies, though more remotely, to the British and American followers of Auguste Comte, who also call themselves humanists. The phrase "soul of humanity," and the like, are essentially mystical in their feeling, instinctive rather than rational in their content.

theory of prayer but they lift up their little souls in ways the theologian never dreams of. By way of illustration we give below several stories taken from our collection to show that children are natural-born humanists.

A. The Little Atheist

A little twelve-year old, just home from school one day flung himself down at the luncheon-table with the rather abrupt and startling announcement, "I'm an atheist!" The little fellow's parents glancing at each other with what a facetious friend of ours calls "that married look," silently agreed between themselves to take this outburst simply as a bit of interesting news, requiring no comment; any more than if he had said, "I'm a vegetarian," or something commonplace like that. And that night the little atheist knelt down, as was his wont, beside his father and mother and said his evening prayer; this with not the least feeling of inconsistency.

Later on, in talking with the boy, apparently about other matters, his mother discovered that the little fellow had learned from some source that his father was known in certain quarters as an atheist; and he had been brooding over it. In an instinctively humanistic way—for all children size things up by instinct, and all children are natural-born humanists—this child of his father had been "putting two and two together"; looking first at his father and taking the measure of this man he knew so much of, and then pondering this vague, but harsh-sounding word "atheist" the meaning of which he knew so little of;—all the time searching into his own child-soul. And in the end he cried out, "If that's atheism; then I'm an atheist too!"

That father, we are in a position to report, is in no degree alarmed nor in any way anxious for this little atheist's eternal welfare. He is proud rather—we had almost said "as proud as Lucifer!"—to think that his own son should put so high an estimate upon his father's spirit. Proud and very humble withal. And most of all he is glad for the little fellow that he has learned thus early in life that when one man calls another an atheist it means no more than that the two of them don't happen to believe in the same kind of God. Which of these two ways of taking the Eternal is the better in terms of human living, the dogmatic and dictatorial, or the domestic and humanistic? That little fellow will discover as he grows up. Just now he certainly is headed the right way!

B. Hell-Bound

Another little fellow sat once by his father's side under the preaching of an evangelist of the old school. The father in the case was the "village atheist." The foolish preacher thought to frighten the child by striking him, as it were, over his father's shoulders. He described the father "to a T." He even pointed him out literally where he sat with his little boy cuddled down beside him. He told all about how honorable this father was in his business; how public-spirited; how he radiated good will throughout the entire community; how the children all loved him and seemed to find a strange joy in the mere touch of his hand upon their heads; how the very dogs in the street caught the spirit of his invariable greeting,—"Hello, Fritzie";—(for some unknown reason all dogs were "Fritzies" to him); and wagged their understanding tails. Yes, he described the man, perhaps we might better have said "from 'a' to 'z.'" And then in what he meant to make a terrifying climax, aimed not really at the father but at the child, he thundered, "All this is true about this man. I freely admit as much. But it is not enough. I now tell you that all this counts for nothing. If this man should die tonight without coming forward here and now and confessing his faith in the Lord, Jesus Christ, and getting under His sacrificial blood with me, he will go straight to hell; hell I tell you, hell!" And then with all draughts open he described the fiery furnace reserved for that man. Whereupon the little fellow straightened up, tightened his grip on his father's hand and whispered up in his ear, "It's all right, Papa, I'm going to hell with you!"

Who was it said some years ago, "Emerson is burning in hell"? And who was it replied, "Well, by this time I'm sure his cool calm soul must have perceptibly lifted the temperature of the place"?

C. The Little Liar

A little girl, much given to practising poetic license—out-and-put lying her prosaic mother called it—summoned her mother one day. "O, Mother," she cried, "come quickly and look! There's a big lion out on our front lawn." After much persuading the highly sceptical mother consented to come and look. Of course, no lion was there; just an unusually large cat of the common house breed. "Now, Marjorie, you have told another lie," expostulated her mother. And at the end of her wits—in more senses than one outwitted—she added, "I can't forgive you this time, you naughty child. You'll have to go up to your room and ask God to forgive you, if *He* can." Which Marjorie did. . . . In a few minutes she came down again, her face all wreathed in happy smiles. In reply to her mother's anxious question whether God had forgiven her, the little girl cheerfully replied, "O yes, Muddie. He said 'Child, don't bother me about a little mistake like that. Why I myself thought it was a lion when I first looked down at it!"

Where does truth begin? Where do lies end? Where does poetry begin to be plain prose and therefore open to question? How far shall flights of imagination be permitted to lift us up on wings of the spirit—up above this humdrum, grubbing, crawling existence of ours? When a grown man creates God in his own image, making something human out of

the Eternal, is that man lying to himself and in the sight of God? Or is he making a dream come true? Which shall it be—the old theology which makes God anything but human, or the new humanism which sees into the Eternal Spirit and finds there everything that is human? It is an old question and a perplexing one. But when we ourselves want the answer we go no more, as we used, to the theologian. Rather we go to a little child and with his instinctive wisdom he shows us the way of the Eternal in man. Entering into his spirit, which is none other than the Spirit of the Eternal, we find the way in which our spirit should go.

D. A Child's Prayer

One night a little boy added to his usual prayer a request to God that he should give him a million dollars, or something of the same practical nature. After he had clambered into his little bed, his mother very gently explained to him that his last request was really very selfish and not quite fair to ask of God. He had asked for something he could not be given without others of God's little children being deprived of the same—leaving them to go without toys, candy, gorgeous apparel and all the other things of the flesh he thought to acquire with his ill-gotten wealth. It is only gifts of the spirit, she explained, that can be had without any hurt to other little fellows—things like good sportsmanship, straight-living, good will, love. The little fellow's instinct caught the meaning of these (to him rather cryptic) sayings of his adored mother; and almost before she had completed her last sentence the little fellow popped out of bed, knelt down again and in a language after the manner of his father dictating an urgent letter, he said, "Dear God; Please cancel that last order. Amen." And with this he jumped back into bed and slept the sleep of the just.

If only grown people would respond as quickly as this to the gentle spirit of justice which is forever speaking within them! And like that little child spew every least appearance of injustice out of their mouths! Is it that, having ears, they hear not? Is it that this present *zeit-geist* is so blatant within them that they have become soul-deaf, and are no longer sensitive to the Spirit of the Eternal? Alas! perhaps, unlike that little child, they never had a gentle, justice-loving mother to bring them up and guide their spirit-feet in the Way of the Eternal.

D. His Bedside Manner

A certain man was slowly recovering from a very grave illness. One morning his small son came capering into his room and up to the side of his sick-bed and cried, "Hello, Pops! How's the boy this morning?" To the father that coming was as the breaking of the sun through dark clouds, that salutation as a glad greeting fresh from life out of death. The Big Boy felt, rather than saw through his tear-dimmed eyes, the spirit of the Little Boy;—the spirit of anxious good will which sounded in his seemingly flippant morning salutation. Big Boy drank greedily of the Joy of Living that poured forth upon him that morning from the spirit of Little Boy. And they do say that from that day forth his recovery of strength was, as by a miracle, strangely hastened and his final restoration to health doubly assured. . . . Perhaps it *was* a miracle, just such another miracle as the Nazarene was all the time working upon sick souls by the spirit of health, the joy of living which was in him. Perhaps this is what in his day they really meant when they cried, "He hath swallowed up death in victory"?

Now, it happened that the very night before, this father had been glancing through the pages of the Book of Common Prayer, delighting himself in the fine phrases in which that masterpiece of pure English sometimes contrives to express an impossible Theology. In the course of his searching he came at last to the "order" to be used in the "visitation of the sick." This in part is what he read:

"Hear us, Almighty and most merciful God and Savior . . . Sanctify, we beseech Thee, this thy fatherly correction (of this thy afflicted servant) that (it) may add . . . to the seriousness of his repentance . . . and that he may lead the residue of his life in thy fear . . . O most merciful God . . . open thine eyes of mercy upon this thy servant who most earnestly desireth pardon and forgiveness. Renew in him, most loving Father, whatsoever hath been decayed by the fraud and malice of the devil, or by his own carnal will and frailness. . . . Impute not unto him his former sins. . . . Wash (this soul), we pray thee, in the blood of that immaculate Lamb, that was slain to take away the sins of the world; that whatsoever defilements it may have contracted in the midst of this miserable and naughty world, through the lusts of the flesh, or the wiles of Satan, being purged and done away, it may be presented pure and without spot before thee . . . O blessed Lord, Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort, . . . thou writest bitter things against (this afflicted servant), and makest him to possess his former iniquities; thy wrath lieth hard upon him and his soul is full of trouble. . . . Stir up in him such sorrow for sin, and such fervent love to thee, as may in a short time do the work of many days . . . that it may be to thy unspeakable glory, that thou hast redeemed the soul of this thy servant from eternal death."

And so on, and so on until "at the discretion of the minister" he seeth fit to pronounce, "here endeth the lesson." Now which of these two, think you, cheered that father the more, or the better furthered his recovery? The Little Boy speaking out of the Book of his Life, or the Solemn Priest of long ago, the ghost of whom seemed as if speaking out of the "Book of Common Prayer" that day? And which religion, think you, is the more needed, the better suited to revive the soul of this sickened generation—a religion which invites all men to the Joy of Life, or a religion which threatens all men with a Fear of Death?

FRANK CARLETON DOAN.

Jottings

"It is a mark of a great man that he surrounds himself by great men."—President Coolidge, in Washington Day address.

Judge by this standard, how great is Mr. Coolidge? Kellogg, Wilbur, Sargent, Davis, and others whose names we cannot even remember—judged by midgets of this type, the President becomes small indeed.

There recently died a woman, Lady Amphill, whose chief claim to remembrance was that she had once saved the life of Kaiser Wilhelm. It is lucky that this woman did not live in America. She would long since have been tarred and feathered, burned alive, hanged, drawn and quartered, by loyal one hundred per centers.

Constantly in marriage and death notices in the newspapers, we read about "Miss Smith, daughter of Mr. A. B. Smith and of his wife, Mrs. Smith," or about "John Jones, son of Mrs. C. D. Jones and of the late Mr. Jones." Always we live in hope of some day seeing a notice which will speak of the bride as "Miss Smith, daughter of Mr. A. B. Smith and of the wife of a neighbor, Mrs. Brown," or of the deceased as "John Jones, son of Mrs. C. D. Jones and of a certain Mr. Black." What a thrill that would be!

There is no intervention in Nicaragua, says the State Department. Certainly not, with only 11 warships and 6,000 marines and sailors down there! Why even mention such a thing?

"New Aids for Kellogg," reads a newspaper headline. This is cheering news! If there is any mortal soul upon this planet who needs aids, it is certainly the Secretary of State in Washington. Rush them up—the newer the better!

A world-famous psychologist declares that our present social demoralization is a temporary sign of the success rather than of the failure of Prohibition. "Despite counter contentions," he says, "there are undoubtedly large numbers of persons in America who formerly used alcohol who became abstainers after the dry law. Many of their hidden, unconscious tendencies that had been narcoticized by liquor came to the surface then. Your crime wave, your sex plays, your pornographic magazines, and the tabloid press can be attributed in some degree to this fact." This is a somewhat novel idea, but it sounds not unreasonable.

J. H. H.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyrighted, 1927)

PART II—CHAPTER XXVI

Loyalty and Nursing

Hardly ever have I known anybody to cherish such loyalty as I did to the British constitution. I can see now that my love of truth was at the root of this loyalty. It has never been possible for me to simulate loyalty, or for that matter, any other virtue. "God save the King," used to be sung at every meeting that I attended in Natal. I then felt that I must also join in the singing. Not that I was unaware of defects in the British rule, but I thought that it was on the whole acceptable. In those days I believed that the British rule was on the whole beneficial to the ruled.

The color prejudice that I saw in South Africa was I thought quite contrary to British traditions, and I believed that it was only temporary and local. I therefore vied with Englishmen in loyalty to the throne. With careful perseverance I learnt the tune of "God save the king," and always joined in the singing whenever it was sung. Whenever there was an occasion for the expression of loyalty, without much fuss or ostentation, I readily took part in it.

Never in my life did I exploit this loyalty, never did I seek to gain a selfish end by its means. It was for me more in the nature of an obligation and I rendered it without expecting a reward.

Preparations were going on for the celebration of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee when I reached India. I was invited to join the Committee appointed for the purpose in Rajkot. I accepted the offer, but I had a suspicion that the celebrations would be largely a matter of show. I discovered a lot of humbug about them and was considerably pained. I began to ask myself whether I should remain on the Committee or not, but ultimately decided to rest content with having done my part of the business.

One of the proposals was to plant trees. I saw that many did it merely for show, and for pleasing the officials. I tried to plead with them that tree-planting was not compulsory, but merely a suggestion. It should be done seriously or not at all. I have an impression that they laughed at my ideas. I remember that I was in earnest when I planted the tree allotted to me, and that I carefully watered and tended it.

I likewise taught the children of my family "God save the king." I recollect having taught it to students of the local Training College, but I forget whether it was on the occasion of the Jubilee or of King Edward VII's Coronation as Emperor of India. Later on the text began to jar on me. As my conception of *ahimsa* went on maturing. I became more vigilant about my thought and speech. The lines in the anthem:

'Scatter her enemies,
And make them fall;
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks.'

particularly jarred upon my sentiment of *ahimsa.* I shared my feelings with Dr. Booth who agreed that it ill became a believer in *ahimsa* to sing those lines. How could we assume that the so-called "enemies" were "knavish"? And because they were enemies, were they bound to be in the wrong? From God we could only ask for justice. Dr. Booth entirely endorsed my sentiments and he composed a new anthem for his congregation. But of Dr. Booth more later.

Like loyalty, an aptitude for nursing was also deeply rooted in my nature. I was fond of nursing people, whether friends or strangers.

Whilst busy in Rajkot with the pamphlet on South Africa, I had an occasion to pay a flying visit to Bombay. It was my intention to educate public opinion in cities on this question by organizing meetings there, and Bombay was the first city I chose. First of all I met Justice Ranade, who listened to me with attention, and advised me to meet Sir Pherozeshah Mehta. Justice Budruddin Tyebji whom I met next also gave the same advice. "Justice Ranade and I can guide you but little," he said. "You know our position. We cannot take part in public affairs, but our sympathies are with you. The man who can effectively guide you is Sir Pherozeshah Mehta."

I certainly wanted to see Sir Pherozeshah Mehta, but the fact that these senior men advised me to act according to his advice gave me a better idea of the immense influence that Sir Pherozeshah Mehta had on the public. In due course I met him. I was prepared to be awed by his presence. I had heard of the popular titles that he had earned, and I knew that I was to see the "Lion of Bombay," the "Uncrowned king of the Presidency." But the king did not overpower me. He met me as a loving father would meet his grown up son. Our meeting took place at his chamber. He was surrounded by a circle of friends and followers. Amongst them were Mr. D. E. Watcha and Mr. Cama, to whom I was introduced. I had already heard of Mr. Watcha. He was regarded as the righthand man of Sir Pherozeshah, and Mr. Virchand Gandhi had described him to me as a great statistician. Mr. Watcha said, "Gandhi, we must meet again."

These introductions could scarcely have taken two minutes. Sir Pherozeshah carefully listened to me. I told him that I had seen Justices Ranade and Tyebji. "Gandhi," said he, "I see that I must help you. I must call a public meeting here." With this he turned to Mr. Munshi, the secretary, and told him to fix up the date of the meeting. The date was settled and he bade me goodbye, asking me to see him again on the day previous to the meeting. The interview removed my fears and I went home delighted.

During this stay in Bombay I called on my brother-in-law who was staying there and lying ill. He was not a man of means and my sister (his wife) was not equal to nursing him. The illness was serious and I offered to take him to Rajkot. He agreed, and so I returned home with my sister and her husband. The illness was much more prolonged than I had expected. I put my brother-in-law in my room and remained with him night and day. I used to have to keep awake part of the night, and had to get through some of my South African work whilst I was nursing him. Ultimately, however, the patient died, but it was a great consolation to me that I had had an opportunity to nurse him during his last days.

My aptitude for nursing gradually developed into a passion so much so that it often led me to neglect my work, and on occasions I engaged not only my wife but the whole household in such service.

Such service can have no meaning unless one takes pleasure in it. When it is done for show or for fear of public opinion, it stunts the man and crushes his spirit. Service which is rendered without joy helps neither the servant nor the served. But all the pleasures and possessions pale into nothingness before service which is rendered in a spirit of joy.

M. K. GANDHI.

(Translated from Navajivan by Mahadeo Desai)

Souvenirs of Switzerland

I

Sic Surrexit Gloria Mundi

When I behold above the greed and strife
Of unsurrendered lusts, serene, unfurled
The unextinguished glory of the world!—
And hear unrolled above the din of life
The thunder of the Alps, and clear fife
Of Spring opening in Switzerland, dew-pearled,
The gentian and a myriad blossoms curled
By leaping torrents glittering like a knife!—

When I see Truth outshining molten lies,
And Love outsceptering Hate in all her might,
And Joy surviving where Death feeds forlorn
On old gnarled boughs,—restored then I arise
From ancient pain to greet the balsam'd night
All musical with murmurings of morn!

BRENT ALLINSON.

II

The Laurels of San Salvatore
(Lugano)

Go up, go up San Salvatore
Some morning in the fall
And see the bright Aurora
Draw from the breasts of all
The blue and jaspar mountains,
The snow-cold queenly mountains,
Night's star-spun misty pall!

Go up alone into the mountains
Above Lugano's breast
Above the silver fountains
And Elysians of the blest,
Go greet the morning's glory,
See earth and heaven in glory,—
Sing once upon the crest!

Harken; how sweet the faint bells chiming
From valleys far below!
The hymns of Life are rising
Through the golden Autumn's glow;
There will be shadows falling,
There will be voices calling—
Calling and you must go!

Pluck then the verdant laurels growing
Upon this shining way,
And however be thy going
May it be yours to say:
I have stood on Salvatore,—
I have kissed the white Aurora,
And lived my fleeting day!

BRENT DOW ALLINSON.

For UNITY.

Echoes from the American Citizenship Foundation Dinner*

In the course of my life a number of titles have been bestowed upon me. First of all, that of Mister, which is good enough for any gentleman. A little later on in my life, when I was ordained a Rabbi, that title came to be mine. Some years later, Yale University conferred upon me the title of Doctor of Philosophy. About three years ago, when the University of Chicago offered me a chair in the department of Oriental Languages and Literatures, with professorial standing, another title came to me. During the last week, The Tribune distorted my words and called me a "clerical demagogue." "Clerical" has to do with the clergy. As to the word "demagogue," the dictionary has the following to say:

"A leader or orator popular with or identified with the people," but that is an obsolete definition. The real definition is:

"One who plays an insincere role in public life for the sake of gaining political influence or office; a poser in politics; especially one who panders to popular prejudice or seeks to inflame reasonless passions in the advancement of his personal interests."

A great many things are said about men in public life. One thing has never been said of me—no one who knows me has ever thought I was "insincere." As the Editor of The Tribune doesn't know me, I forgive him. As for seeking "personal advancement," in my profession there is no position in the whole world more to be desired than that of Rabbi of Sinai Congregation of Chicago. And as for "personal ambition," my highest ambition is to be *worthy* of this position. As for "one who panders to popular prejudice," the path that I have chosen leads to criticism and abuse, not to popularity.

I want to "think aloud" to you this morning. Emerson, you will recall, claimed that was the criterion of true friendship. I wish that you could fathom how great a part of my life you are and how relieved I shall feel, talking things over with you, my Congregation, and those who come regularly on Sunday morning.

What I regret is not so much that The Tribune so distorted my words and called me a "demagogue," but that an Admiral in the Navy of the United States should say such things that caused one of the great papers of our city editorially to describe him as "un-American and undemocratic."

I was asked to speak at the American Citizenship Foundation banquet, and accepted only after the purposes of the organization were read to me over the telephone, adding, however, that my acceptance would not be valid until I read, in black and white, the purposes of the organization. These purposes are as follows: (I am quoting from the literature of the organization.)

"The American Citizenship Foundation has but one aim and that is the teaching of fundamental principles of good citizenship.

To teach the full meaning of citizenship, in its Social, Economic and Political phases, is the primary object of the American Citizenship Foundation.

To teach the fundamental principles of our government to the forthcoming generation.

To instill a respect for and knowledge of American ideals and traditions.

To counteract, through universal patriotic education, subversive propaganda and activities directed against our present form of government and America's best interests.

To give special attention to the instruction of native and foreign born youth between the ages of 15 and 21 in the principles, duties and privileges of citizenship.

To establish group study classes in citizenship in communities, clubs, schools, industries, etc.

To provide instructors for such groups.

To outline to young Americans the history of the United States and to supervise the study of the Constitution.

To analyze for the Citizenship students the various departments of our government and show their relationship to each other.

To develop the doctrine of mutuality of interest among our young citizens.

To emphasize personal responsibility in government and a better adaptation to the principle of self-government.

To hold graduating ceremonies and present certificates and honor medals upon completion of the Citizenship Training Course.

To reduce crime, and to inspire self-respect and encourage the building of sound bodies and sound minds among our boys and girls.

To develop community spirit and encourage pride and participation by our young people in local betterment.

To encourage ethical and fair methods in public, business and social intercourse.

To cultivate a better understanding between employer and employee.

To raise the working efficiency of all classes by raising their standards of service.

To teach the fundamental principles of economics, especially in relation to industry.

To assist in selecting suitable occupations for the young citizen and provide the means for advancement through study courses.

To teach that good citizenship inhibits partisan, religious, racial or sectional bias and animosities.

To preach the development of loyalty, harmony and unity as the essence of good citizenship.

To educate the citizen of tomorrow to think, to understand and to act intelligently.

To establish a National Citizenship League of the Young Men and Women of the Nation as the defenders and upholders of good Citizenship and the honor of America."

With each and every one of these I agree with all my heart and with all my soul. One other word, by way of introduction. Rear Admiral Moffett was the guest and the chief speaker of the evening. For the distinguished service, which he has rendered to our country, every true American must admire him. He has dedicated his life to the service of our country, and the highest appreciation of every red-blooded American is due him. His rank in the Navy of the United States alone would merit unstinted praise.

A very peculiar incident took place at the American Citizenship Foundation dinner. In fact, it was a rare coincidence. I have spoken from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the North to the South, and never has such an incident occurred to me. In his prepared address, Admiral Moffet, who spoke first, touched upon the same points that I had prepared, though from another angle. I was carefully prepared—so, you see, I *do* believe in preparedness; I would never insult an audience by speaking unprepared. As I am not a slave to a manuscript, I could have ignored my set address and voiced some innocent and innocuous platitudes. The impression was that I had done just the opposite, that I had thrown away my prepared address and simply refuted what the Admiral had said.

*Sermon delivered before Chicago Sinai Congregation.

What Professor Royce of Harvard used to call "a conflict of loyalties" described my predicament. It was the choice between tact, and courtesy, and "playing safe," on one hand, and standing by the truth, as I saw it, on the other. I chose the latter, though seemingly, but not intentionally, discourteous. Religious leaders have never been tactful, first and foremost. Why is it that people think so little of ministers? I have sat in smoking cars on the train and listened to men discussing ministers. What did they say? "They are constantly afraid of losing their jobs. They are so tactful that they are hypocrites. What they think is one thing, and what they say, is another." Luther was not tactful when he nailed the ninety-five theses on the door of the church at Wittenberg. All of the prophets have been untactful. Amos was not tactful when he sang a funeral dirge at a festival. Jeremiah was not tactful when he went into the Temple and said: "It is a den of robbers, and you have made it so." Unquestionably, there is a place for tact, but never at the expense of truth. A strange world this is, in which, for the same thing, we immortalize some and hasten others to the immortal realm. The only way not to be misquoted and misunderstood is to say nothing, to do nothing, and to be nothing but a vacuous nincompoop. I really added but one thing to my prepared address; it was in answer to the Admiral's statement that if America would have been prepared, there would have been no war. I said: "Germany was prepared and there was a war." Do not take the word of a minister for this. Maj. Gen. Morris of the British Army, a soldier who has spent a quarter of his life in the study of the science of arms, said:

> "Let me tell you that I went into the British Army, believing that if you want peace you must prepare for war. I believe now, that if you prepare thoroughly and efficiently for war, you get war."

Gen. Tasker H. Bliss, of the United States Army, said the same thing:

> "If nations are armed to the limit against each other, and each knows that the armament of the other, has no use against any other than himself, can we not all see that when one approaches its limit, and believes the other to be capable of further expansion—war, without warning is inevitable?"

My text was *"America must remain true to the ideals that gave her birth."* In essence, it was an address that I gave before the Chicago Association of Commerce, and the Associated Press carried it all over the United States and clippings and complimentary editorials from all parts of our country were sent to me. I said that, in much the same way as archaeologists have unearthed hidden treasures beneath the accretions and accumulations of the soil, so, because of the chaos and confusion in modern-day thinking, what we need in America is a kind of spiritual archaeology, to reveal not the soil but the soul of America. I added that, among the accretions that bind and almost blind the soul of America are smug complacency and sleek contentment and national arrogance.

I believe with President Coolidge:

> "The generally expressed desire of "America First" cannot be criticized. It is a perfectly correct aspiration for our people to cherish. But the problem which we have to solve is how to make America first. It cannot be done by the cultivation of national bigotry, arrogance or selfishness. Hatreds, jealousies and suspicion will not be productive of any benefits in this direction. Here, again, we must apply the rule of toleration. Because there are other peoples whose ways are not our ways and whose thoughts are not our thoughts, we are not warranted in drawing the conclusion that they are adding nothing to the sum of civilization."

America's greatest danger is not from enemies without, but from enemies within—spiritual flabbiness and smug complacency. What makes that flag (as I pointed to it) so holy to us is that it was born of heroism and self-sacrifice and the pioneer spirit of adventure. We need the efforts of the *American Citizenship Foundation,* so that America might be great—not like Goliath, symbolic of crude Philistine materialism, but like Prometheus, emblematic of the ethical strivings of an unconquerable soul. That was my first point.

My second point was that chauvinism, jingoism, and Decaturism are not truly American, and I do not stand alone on that point. *One hundred and sixty-five ministers, ten of whom were rabbis*—the most prominent and influential in the city—signed a protest to The Tribune, against Decaturism, in answer to the following:

> "Dear colleague: We, the undersigned ministers, members of various denominations, were called together by the Chicago Forum Council to discuss ways and means of educating for peace and good will. It was unanimously agreed that, as a first practical measure, we petition The Chicago Tribune to remove from its editorial page the statement of Stephen Decatur, "My country, right or wrong," etc., because it makes for a false kind of patriotism, which breeds the spirit of war. It was also voted to ask every minister in Chicago and suburbs, insofar as possible, to preach a sermon on this on Decoration Day, Sunday morning, May 30th. If you feel as we do, and are willing to join in this appeal to the Tribune as a first step in our joint efforts, kindly signify your intention by signing the inclosed postal and mailing it at once. Sincerely yours, Rev. Albert W. Palmer, Rabbi Jacob Singer, Rev. George I. Nesmith, Rabbi Felix Levy, Rev. Charles B. Swartz, Rabbi Solomon B. Freehof, Rabbi Louis L. Mann, Rabbi David Rosenbaum, Rev. Charles W. Gilkey, Rev. George S. Mills, Rabbi Gerson B. Levi, Rev. W. Clyde Smith.
>
> THE COMMITTEE."

At that time the Tribune said:

> "The Decatur toast has been misinterpreted to imply that the individual must stultify his intelligence and conscience in regard to the public acts of the government and blindly accept them as right because they are his country's. No free people ever does this. Our people have never done it. All our wars have been preceded by furious debate. . . . However, as we have said, the point of view of our petitioners is worthy of thorough and open-minded consideration. We wish also to express our appreciation of the interest in The Tribune's efforts for patriotic inspiration which the appeal implies, and we shall always welcome suggestions from any of the signers, individually or collectively. The pulpit and the press are natural and inevitable allies in the inspiring service of our country, to make it strong, to make its strength the strength of wisdom and righteousness."

Decaturism is a war sentiment and a war patriotism. Personally, I believe that we need patriotism in peace, even as we do in war, just as I believe in religion for the six days of the week as well as for the day of rest.

The Admiral said:

> "And we need Americanism. A few years ago, down in Chile, they thought America was wrong and they were right, and they were convinced they could whip us. That's the sort of a spirit a country needs and should have—"Our country, right or wrong."

That, to my mind, is not Americanism.

As a corollary to this, I pointed out that America cannot disparage the opinions of a critical minority. Anyone who knows the history of our country, even superficially, knows what great value the critical minority always had, and should con-

tinue to have. Abraham Lincoln opposed the Mexican war and criticized the Dred Scott decision even after the Supreme Court of the United States had passed on it. No one called Lincoln a "demagogue" or anything like it, and he will live when epithet throwers will have sunk into oblivion. *Difference* of opinion we need not fear, but *indifference* of opinion, which means having no opinion at all. I said definitely and emphatically—and The Tribune news item carried it, though the editorial assumed that I had said the opposite—that "only a fool would say that America need not be prepared," and I repeat it. *But reasonable preparedness is one thing, and setting the pace for a mad race of competitive armaments is another. With the first I am, naturally, in agreement; against the latter I strongly protest.*

Thirdly, I pointed out that we had to guard against intolerance. The persecutions of Spain in the 15th Century, and England in the 17th, gave birth to American tolerance. I then quoted with approval Coolidge's Omaha speech:

> "Let us cast off our hatreds. Whether one traces his Americanism back three centuries to the Mayflower, or three years to the steerage, is not half so important as whether his Americanism of today is real and genuine, no matter by what various crafts we came here, we are all now in the same boat."

My fourth point was that America must keep church and state forever separate and distinct, as the Cornerstone of our democracy. The Admiral, unfortunately, had interpreted this to mean that the church must remain silent on matters of state. The Admiral said:

> "When denominations pass resolutions affecting the administration of our government, such actions may be provocative of untold harm."

This is just what it never meant. In concluding, I pointed out the necessity of such work as undertaken by the American Citizenship Foundation so that all the people in this great and glorious country of ours, under the benign influence of the Stars and Stripes, might become one brotherhood.

Now, wherein do we differ? We are both Americans, both loyal and both patriotic. There is no sacrifice that neither would not make. We differ on Decaturism. Even The Tribune is beginning to admit that "it is the toast of a soldier in time of national emergency." The 165 ministers wanted to substitute Carl Schurz's statement:

> "Our country, right or wrong! When right to be kept right, when wrong to be put right."

Our present situation with Mexico and Nicaragua represents what Decatur would have called "intercourse with foreign nations," and his attitude would have been "Our country—right or wrong." Personally, I believe that arbitration and not force should be used in these countries. Decatur also believed in "my *opinion* right or wrong," and he fought six duels to vindicate his opinion, in the last of which he was killed by Commodore Baron, at the age of forty-one. It is comparable to a physician who would insist on "my diagnosis, right or wrong." It seems to me that, as a patriotic citizen, he should have been willing to *live* for his country, rather than *die* over a small personal matter.

The second implication of the Admiral's speech was that church organizations and churches generally should keep quiet on matters of governmental interest. Let us examine this historically. In the original thirteen colonies, the greatest sermons were preached on the Sunday before election day. They were called "Election Sermons." Henry Ward Beecher opposed the United States Government on the question of slavery. David Einhorn, of immortal memory, the father-in-law of Dr. Hirsch, and the writer of our prayer book, fought slavery in Baltimore, and barely escaped death. Dr. Gilkey, one of the prominent ministers in the United States, a professor at the University of Chicago, has written an open letter to the Tribune, which so far has not been published. (It has been since.) He sent me a carbon copy. I regret that it pays me a compliment but I shall read it:

> "To the Editor of the Chicago Tribune:
>
> I was prevented at the last moment from attending the dinner of the American Citizenship Foundation on Washington's Birthday, and was very grateful for Miss M'Laughlin's admirable account of it in your columns next morning. May I thank both her and you for the fairness with which Admiral Moffett's and Rabbi Mann's divergent views were reported, and not least for the discerning recognition that they 'agreed . . . upon one common point—their love of America and their concern for their country's welfare.' It is the more disappointing therefore to see that your editorial of today on 'Clerical Demagogy' has dropped to the level of continuing the discussion by calling names. Its labored attempt to justify the application of the epithet 'demagogue' to Rabbi Mann sounds strangely unreal in the case of one whose high intelligence, conscience and courage, like those of his predecessor in a great pulpit and the leadership of a great congregation, are among Chicago's most valuable weapons in defending herself against the real demagogues, of whom we have aplenty. As I understand Rabbi Mann, he is not courting cheap popularity, as would a demagogue, by appealing to the prejudices and passions of the moment; he is risking ephemeral criticism by urging the long look and the highest standards for our domestic and our foreign policies alike. If as you say, 'The art of the demagogue is in irrelevance,' which shows the more sign of it—his thoughtful and brave appeal to the national reason and conscience, or your attempt to hang the epithet on him because he disagrees with you?
>
> Incidentally, those of us who support his protest against Decaturism as an adequate expression of Americanism, are very much interested in your frank admission of its 'explicit limitation.' It begins at last to look as if Decaturism in Chicago were on the defensive. If it is as you say 'the toast of an American officer' applying only 'in her intercourse with foreign nations,' and that 'in time of national emergency,' why not save it for such occasional crises—and then print it in a special edition for the army and navy for whom it was uttered? Did even Decatur himself intend it to be used as a club to belabor loyal citizens in time of peace, who hold it both their American right and their patriotic duty—at least until war is actually declared—to try to make up their own minds, and to help clear the public mind and conscience, by the free discussion of all public questions both domestic and foreign. Our party politics have not always of late stopped at the frontier; still less can our national common sense and our public morals stop there—any more than our trade or our travel. The whole world, America included, paid high after 1914 for the failure of certain countries before that date to keep their public opinion and conscience moving on a level higher than that of mere goose-step conformity in the name of an unthinking and unexamined patriotism.
>
> As to the right of religion and the church to engage in such discussions of the moral aspect of public policy, the best exponents of all the great faiths, from the days of the old Hebrew prophets to those of Henry Ward Beecher, have not only claimed that right but exercised it—and posterity has blessed them for so doing. Rabbi Mann is taking his place in the long line of the prophets.
>
> May I conclude by calling the attention of your editorial writer to the sentence which precedes the immortal close of Lincoln's Cooper Union speech. Many of us still regard Abraham Lincoln as at least as com-

petent an exponent of the best American patriotism as Stephen Decatur—and would be glad any morning to find these words of his appearing at the head of your editorial columns for American citizens to remember:

'Neither let us be slandered from our duty by false accusations against us, nor frightened from it by memaces of destruction to the Government nor of dungeons to ourselves. Let us have faith that Right makes Might, and in that faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it.'

(Signed) Charles W. Gilkey."

I remember, as I contemplated entering the ministry, how heavy the inactivity of so many clergymen weighed upon me. One day, as I was reading the Talmud, I came across the words: "Where there is need of a man, be *thou* the man," and I vowed then and there that I would enter the ministry and that I would speak the truth, whether my people would like it or not, popular or unpopular, and I leave it to you whether or not I have kept my vow. I have never joined the "Amen Club," which means saying "Amen" to anything anybody says. I do not belong to the "Me Too" Society, which means over-facile assent. I do not believe that religion should be "an opiate for the masses."

As for freedom of speech, let me read to you from the Constitution of the United States. This is my authority:

"Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances."

The Admiral really spoke against freedom of speech, and the editorial in the News called him "undemocratic and un-American" for it. Let me read it to you:

"Admiral Moffett advocated in a recent address an undemocratic and un-American idea when he deplored 'constant criticism of the authorities by nearly every organ of public opinion.' The authorities who deserve their high positions welcome intelligent criticism and profit by it. In any event citizens of a free republic have the right and the duty to comment upon and criticise the acts and policies of their government. There is no other way to preserve freedom and prevent oppression, corruption and inefficiency. Eternal vigilance is the price of clean and honest government. It always will be.

Unfair attacks on officials, wanton misrepresentation of their motives, or illfounded impugning of their good faith are to be deprecated, of course, but even unfair criticism is preferable to suppression of criticism. Liberty has its risks and shortcomings, but tyranny has infinitely more.

As to Admiral Moffett's assertion that 'in every other nation the citizens think the government correct in its policies,' one can only wonder on what facts it is based.

I said to you when I spoke a few weeks ago on the Decatur sentiment, which by the way, my friend Horace Bridges also completely demolished, that in time of war it became a sad necessity to keep silent and not criticize the government. *No decent American would give comfort to the enemy and stab his own soldiers in the back. If he did that, he would neither be decent nor American. But in time of peace, with the rest of the world bankrupt, and so much of it having bled white, should America initiate and precipitate a mad competition for armament as well as invite suspicion and distrust?* If we cannot talk freely in times of peace, then America would be an autocracy, like Italy under Mussolini, or through revolution, degenerate into a mobocracy. The Constitution safeguards freedom of speech, assembly, and of the press. What does this mean? Does it mean to rent a big hall and have a mass meeting to decide who has the best cranberries or the most beautiful spring bonnet?

Freedom of press and assembly make revolution in America unnecessary, because we change by Evolution. I know as well as does the Editor of The Tribune that Teapot Dome did not represent "intercourse with foreign nations," but what I said was that as long as there are scandals and corruption in our public life, it is the duty of the decent citizen to protest, and I shall continue to do so, Tribune or no Tribune. *I do not believe in unpreparedness. I do not believe in peace at any price, not even with the Tribune. I have never believed in the doctrine of non-resistance as pacifists frequently interpret it.* I have a darling little boy, whom I am trying to rear to manhood to the best of my ability, and when he comes home and says, "Daddy, somebody hit me," I ask him, "Did you hit him back?" and if he says *"No,"* he gets it. I love peace. I believe that peace is more possible than many people do, but I do not believe in peace at any price. I never have.

I, too, believe in "America First":

Not merely in matters material, but in things of the spirit.

Not merely in science, inventions, motors and skyscrapers, but also in ideals, principles, character.

Not merely in the calm assertion of rights, but in the glad assumption of duties.

Not flaunting her strength as a giant, but bending in helpfulness over a sick wounded world like a Good Samaritan.

Not in splendid isolation, but in courageous cooperation.

Not in pride, arrogance and disdain of other races and peoples, but in sympathy, love and understanding.

Not in treading again the old, worn bloody pathway which ends inevitably in chaos and disaster, but in blazing a new trail, along which, please God, other nations will follow, into the new world where wars shall be no more.

Some day some nations must take that path—unless we are to lapse once again into utter barbarism—and that honor I covet for my beloved America.

And so, in that spirit and with these hopes, I say with all my heart and soul, 'America First.'"

How I love the song, "America, the Beautiful":

"America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good in brotherhood
From sea to shining sea."

One of my correspondents, and they are too numerous to mention, said that The Tribune's idea of "America First" was like *"Deutschland uber Alles.* It is the doctrine of Treitzschke and Bernhardi. I, too, "regret that I have only one life to give to my country." I would have my country great, noble, and peace-loving.

Lincoln spoke in Philadelphia, at a flag raising exercise in 1861. He, too, said some things that the newspapers did not like, and concluded his address by saying, *"I may have said some things indiscreet but nothing but what I am willing to live by and if it be the will of Almighty God, to die by."* My friends, I, too, may have said some things indiscreet, and apparently, though not intentionally discourteous, but I have said nothing but what I am willing to live by, and if it be the will of Almighty God, to die by.

LOUIS L. MANN.

A Spiritual Quest and Venture of Faith

[An Autobiographical Story in Two Parts]

Introduction by Prof. Jerome Davis, of Yale Divinity School

In an age which is dominated in such large measure by the possessive spirit, America needs the clarion prophetic voice of all those sincere souls who are following the light of God as it stands revealed to them. Bill Simpson is the voice of one crying in the wilderness, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make his paths straight." Of all the religious leaders in American public life I know of none who has more completely followed the will of God as he sees it. It is refreshing to meet a spiritual leader who not only preaches what to him is the will of God but who lives his message so completely that no thoughtful mind can say there is a divorce between his spiritual ideal and his life. The way of Bill Simpson is of necessity not the ideal way for every personality, but increasing thousands of Christians are asking whether, after all, he has not a message for them personally. In an age when men are morally indifferent even to gross corruption in national political life, not to speak of their blind acquiescence to current ideals diametrically opposed to the spirit of Jesus, in an age when vast numbers of men are engaged in a race for material pleasures and material ends, in an age when the big powerful governments so often use their dominant power to exploit and bully the weaker nations, we literally need thousands of Bill Simpsons to call us back along the way to God. Whether we agree with all that he is doing or not, he stands like a beacon light calling men everywhere back to the eternal verities. There is no easy solution to the ills of our social order. It is only *perfect love* which really leads along the way of the Cross. Bill Simpson not only believes that "If you leave one unfriended, you leave Christ unfriended, if you put one into prison, you put Christ into prison," but he lives his faith.

I first met Bill Simpson in the theological seminary where we were both studying. He was a Phi Beta Kappa student of all-round ability, and seemed destined for a brilliant and prosperous career in the church. I felt then that here was a leader who had the potentialities for great service in the Kingdom of God. I have watched his life since then with deepening admiration. He has literally gone the way of the Cross, which has meant unspeakable and everlasting joy to him. Who will say that he would have accomplished as much as the nationally known preacher of a metropolitan church?

Some people may not understand how it is possible for anyone to break with so many of the current customs and standards of our times. But that it is possible is evident from the life that Bill Simpson and a number of young men who are now with him are actually living. For instance, they are literally without possessions and ordinarily quite without money. Hal Miller and Dick Wupperman, the two comrades with him in Passaic, have specialized in hair cutting, knife sharpening and mending shoes, while Bill Simpson's trade is carpentering. But they all do many other things such as chopping wood, washing windows, beating rugs, scrubbing floors, painting and caring for the sick. And he says, "Our work is our gift. We try to have no thought whether the people for whom we are working will give us anything or not. Sometimes they don't, more often they do. Their gifts are usually food or clothing." If no one happens to notice their need and supply it, they freely go and beg, whether it be for food, or stamps, or nails, or a nickel for a subway fare.

They are living in a foreign and Negro section on the edge of Passaic. The shanty which they occupy stands on a lot belonging to a colored friend. The second-hand materials with which it was built were provided in part by friends in the vicinity and in part by friends from outside. The house has become a source of attraction for the neighborhood children who play outside day and night and come in three times a week for stories and singing. Often they come to the door with their pockets bulged out with a gift of apples or oranges, or sometimes with a big potato or two, or again carrying a pail of second-hand coal which they have picked from off the nearby city-dump in the bitter cold.

It is hard to estimate the potential contributions of this contagious Christianity within the community itself, but its unconscious influence on the larger world outside is even more potent.

No one, least of all Bill Simpson, would pretend that what he has done, every other individual should do, but that all Christians would be helped by knowing his life and his interpretation of God few will dispute. By the force of his own example he challenges our own ideals. In the white light of the way he lives, are we doing our best?

May we read this heroic adventurous record not with a spirit of petty caviling criticism but of appreciation for his great outstanding achievement, utter and consecrated submission to the gleam which seems to have come from God.

Part I

I believe it is impossible to love perfectly and really to fit into any of the important institutions of our modern society. This may seem like a very extreme and unjustified position. Most people, indeed, are fitting in quite comfortably, but are they carrying love resolutely into every department of their lives and into their every relationship with human beings? I ask you to face with me honestly: Do those who think that this can be done so easily (for instance, the Christians, who are always talking about love and about Jesus), really know or care what *perfect* love is, or are they desiring and struggling sincerely and above all else, to love and live in the spirit in which Jesus did?

There are millions of people in the world who are starving. There are hundreds of thousands cold and hungry, jobless, homeless and friendless at our own doors. Is it possible for a man to keep two coats for his own back and to love as much as himself a single one of these men who have none? Can love stand it to live in a mansion of twenty large rooms while outside are weary men with no place to lay their heads, or to lock his door against those little children but a few blocks removed who wilt and wither away in the dark stuffy air of a fetid tenement where eight sleep in one room? Can love ever put a lock on *any*thing, on house, or box, or bank—or heart? So long as the need of others continues, is there any place where love can draw the line and say, "Beyond this I will not go. Now I must think of myself?" Is love ever so divine as when our giving out of our superfluity, out of what we do not really need, is done and we begin to share our last crust, and to give not some *thing*, but ourselves, our labor, our blood, our suffering, our life? And on this basis, what would become of the institution of private property on which our modern civilization is built?

Or again, if I am a carpenter and my neighbor needs a new porch and I love that neighbor, can I refuse to give him my labor unless he give me so much for the job? And if not, how about the salary or fee of the minister, doctor and teacher, the wage of the laborer, or the price of the manufacturer or salesman? Whatever it be, whether commodity or labor or service, can I withhold it unless I receive something in return? Can I thus look upon another's need as an opportunity to get something for myself? When did a heart of purely selfless love ever care about the return—ever seek to get anything—ever seek even to be loved? Whenever and wherever love be real love, the world over, is not its whole joy in the sheer loving, in the simple and outright giving? How then can perfect love ever seek private profit? Ever sell? Ever barter and bargain? How can a man be in business and be a real Christian?

Or, to come to more personal relations. Can a man lay any claim upon another? Can he act as though he *owned* his wife or child? As though he had any right to direct or censor their thinking or determine their purpose and manner of life? Must he not be ready to let them follow their own best light even though that light be such as to take them far from his understanding and comradeship?

In this field also, can perfect love ever seek anything for itself? Can it ever try to win a man or woman from another as most men do in courtship? Can it seek to *use* another human being as a means to one's own enjoyment? Sex for the sake of sex? As an end in itself? Can it make of any a favorite, even though it be father or mother, wife or child? Can one ever seek even to realize spiritual unity with some one particular person above all other persons in the world, without betraying the fact that one's devotion is not selflessly to the spirit (which gives equal joy *wherever* its unity is realized) but selfishly to the person?

Or, still in the personal field but more widely, Can I love a German as myself and stick a bayonet into him? Can I love the I. W. W. or Communist as myself and denounce him or make him an outlaw? Can I see other men do these things and just let it go at feeling sorry? Can I sit in a court and pass judgment on another human being, and sentence him even to so much as one week in jail? Can I put him in the electric chair and turn on the current, and love him perfectly? Can I know the quality of Jesus' love for the outcast Samaritan or the woman taken in adultery or the thief on the cross, if I am not happy to sit down at table with a Negro or a Mexican, a Mormon or a Moslem, a murderer or a drunkard, or if I make a servant to sit in the kitchen while I eat in the dining-room? Can I do these things to others (or acquiesce in their doing) and sincerely believe that they are things I would like to have others do to me? And if not, what is the use of all our talk about the Golden Rule, and about love?

Of course one's answer to these questions must depend upon one's understanding of what love is. And so I ask: What *is* love, and what is the distinctive mark of *perfect* love? Of love like that in Jesus?

In all its varying uses love is that which enlarges our life, takes us out of ourselves, unites us to the person or the thing we love. In some sense and to some degree, if we love we become identified with what is loved. The lover says, "Whatever you do to my beloved you do to me." The distinctive mark of *perfect* love is that it lifts all this to the *universal* plane, and cries, "Whatever you do to *any*body you do to me." The obligation which a man ordinarily accepts only toward father and mother, or wife and child, or the very closest friend, the perfect lover assumes voluntarily toward all. In a love in which I love my neighbor as myself, my neighbor (that is, the one near by me, next to me, the person at hand, and therefore anyone I may meet), my neighbor really becomes myself, and his well-being my own life, that for which I am glad to lay my own physical life down. He is compelled to say, as Jesus said in effect:

If you leave one person cold and hungry, you leave me cold and hungry. If you leave one unfriended, you leave me unfriended. If you put one into prison, you put me into prison. *Whatever* you do to any other, even to the least and lowest of these my brethren, that you do unto me also.

Now, is it possible to love that way and to do the sort of things I have mentioned above? They were not unusual situations I presented. They represent the common and accepted practice of almost all people—of almost all professing Christian people. The questions I asked were not questions I invented for the occasion of this article. They indicate the identical sort of questions by which I found myself confronted first about ten years ago, and to which I was driven by an inexorable inner necessity to find an answer by which I would be willing at all costs to live. The pages that follow are an effort to present the experience which led up to these questions, and the conclusions about them by which I have been trying ever since to live and am trying to live now.

What I am about to say is so personal that at first I felt that I could not consent to write it, but having long disbelieved in private property in things, I came to the conclusion that I had no right to assert any private property even in experience. Whatever life had brought me I must be willing to open and share with any who might desire it of me.

Before I proceed with my story, however, I want to say a word in the interest of understanding. The reader will come across pronouncements that are severe. They may seem to be a denial of the love I talk about. I only want to point out that the part of the article in which alone this severity is found is not dealing with my present attitude at all but solely with the course of experience through which I had to pass in reaching my present attitude. They represent conclusions to which my experience drove me. They are things which I felt and often said then. As a matter of historic record, they belong in this narrative. And if I do not say them now, it is not because I believe them to be untrue, but because their truth is overshadowed by a larger truth and because a fuller and deeper love would prevent my heart from judging and my lips from saying any word of blame.

Youthful Beginnings

Probably the bent of my whole life was determined when I was but a little lad by the atmosphere of love into which I was brought by my father and mother. Within limits our home was almost a realization of the Kingdom of God on earth. In the Kingdom of God, to be sure, there can be no limits at all, no person whom one's love fails to take in, even unto the four corners of the globe. Nevertheless, it was here that I learned my first lessons in love and the requirements of love. And long before I had ever heard of the term "non-resistance" my mother had taught me the essence of it and led me to a happy and successful resort to it in connection with a boyhood quarrel with a school-yard bully.

In view of such a background through all my youth at home, it was very natural that my guiding star through Union Seminary and even through college days at Lafayette should have been a desire to find the work in which I might be of the larg-

est service to my fellowmen. There was that within me which longed for a place of hardship and danger, a place to which no one else wanted to go. Some of us used to say to one another, "A short life in the saddle, Lord, not a long life by the fire." How inconspicuous it might be did not seem to matter. Foreign mission were about as far afield as my vision took me then.

My experience since leaving Seminary in 1915 has been one of trying door after door in the hope that it might open to me. But door after door closed against me until in 1920 I came to one which would indeed open onto the realest kind of Life but which I knew I could enter only if I left behind all self.

My first experience after leaving Seminary was my last experience with settlement work in the slums. In the course of that summer I came to the conclusion, which I never have had reason to alter, that settlements (like all organized charity) are only putting salve on the sore and are not only not attempting to remove the causes of the sore but are rather perpetuating these causes. I felt that there was no love in making a *business* of "doing good," in being *paid* to be kind; in handing down help to those in the abyss, as if I were on the end of a fourteen-foot pole, while all the while one kept oneself safely above them in a position of comfort and security; and finally in supporting the whole procedure on money which the rich, out of the thousands which they have stolen, give back by the hundreds to those whom they have robbed, as a sort of sop to their uneasy consciences.

So this door was soon closed.

My Experience in the Church

The next I tried was the Church. I was called to be the assistant minister in a very wealthy church in a college town, but I chose instead a small and broken-down church in one of the worst industrial sections of New Jersey.

I entered upon this experience with a great devotion and a most eager faith in what the Church could accomplish. But my faith and enthusiasm were gradually exhausted in the face of the facts which I met.

I found that my strength was dribbling away in attempting to do *too many* things and wasted on matters that had no vital relation to the Kingdom of God, things such as getting people out to church, raising money, keeping people in good humor, and turning the wheels of the church machinery.

Further, I was impressed with the almost complete absence of any wholehearted *attempt* to put the teaching of Jesus into practice. This was not more true of my church than of the Church at large. To be a Christian was to have an *idea about* Jesus in your *head*—such as, that he died for you or was the Son of God—it did *not* mean necessarily to show in your living that you loved God with your whole soul and every human being you met as much as yourself. The people, indeed, were not to blame for this. Had they not been taught to believe that Jesus was God in a sense in which they are not, and that therefore what he did they *cannot* do? Had they not been taught that what Jesus was and did will make up for what they are not, that he is their substitute, and therefore they do not *need* even to *try* to be perfect as God is perfect? Inevitably, of course, such teaching had dimmed their spiritual perceptions and cut the taproot of all moral effort. Further, and now on the practical side, when people listen to a minister they realize that what he says it is his business to say, that he is getting his living out of saying it. Consequently, he is always heard at a discount. His words are discounted even more when they see that he himself is not putting his preaching into practice. Like the Pharisees of old, "He *says* but *does not*." And in this respect I was no different from the rest. And if I myself was not living my gospel, how could I expect those who listened to me to set out to do it? At any rate, no one did.

Then again, the town in which I was residing gave me an unusual opportunity to observe the effects of industrialism upon the lives of the common people who have to make their living under it. The merely natural and normal needs and demands of the working people in consideration of youth, sex, old age, family, education, morality and religion all went down before the will of those who did *not* work but *did* own and who by virtue of that ownership, no matter how acquired but buttressed by all the organized violence of the State, moulded the whole life of the community under their thumb. Casting my eye around the rest of the country, I discovered for the first time in my life that there was an owning class in America and that this class, through its control of all the important means of making a living and of shaping public opinion, had reduced the great mass of the people to a slavery in many ways more degrading than the chattel slavery before the Civil War and had changed the far-famed democracy of the United States into an empire. I saw, moreover, that the Church as an institution, like every other great institution, was depending for its financial support upon money from those who were creating and profiting by this state of affairs, that therefore the Church was one of the chief bulwarks of the status quo and all its monstrous iniquities, that the Church was not, and so long as this financial dependence continued, could not be a pioneer toward a better world but must remain one of the worst enemies of the common good. She was saving her body but she had sold her soul. She was a prostitute.

This conviction was only deepened and confirmed when in 1917 the War came along. After months of thought and reading and prayer, I went off for a week of solitude in which to make up my mind. Then I called the people together in a special meeting and declared my conviction that love could not stick bayonets into men, that the end does not justify the means, that if you are going to fight the devil with the devil's own weapons, the only way to beat him is to be more devilish than the devil—and that, if this was the inevitable result of all resort to force, it would be better to let the devil win! But my people could not see it, nor did the people of the Church at large. The Sermon on the Mount meant nothing. They had been too well trained in conformity in the schools, too well taught by the ministers and priests to

listen unto *them* rather than unto the God of Love who ever waiteth to speak in the human heart. Led by the nose, sheep as ever, they went out to the shambles to butcher and to be butchered by the million. While behind the lines, the clergy were content, without any mind or voice of their own, to echo the slogans of politicians and statesmen, to take their part in the lying and poisonous propaganda of hate, and upon the whole ghastly business to dare invoke the blessing of God and to compare death on the battlefield in an effort to kill Germans with the death of Christ on Calvary! Surely the Church was more than a prostitute. She was Judas.

To this conviction that the God of Jesus was not a God of War but a God of Love and Peace, I continued to bear witness until in the Fall of 1918 I resigned.

My Experience in the Ministry

The War precipitated the resignation but it must have come anyway. Quite aside from the War and the industrial slavery which the Church was profiting by and supporting, I was fast learning that it was impossible for me to be sincere and to be a minister at all. I was coming to believe that prayer in public and as part of a set program was a violation of my spirit, and that I could no longer contract to preach at stated times. I could not thus subject my spirit to a clock. I was not a spigot to be turned on whenever people happened to desire. My spirit must be as free as the wind to come and go as it was blown by the breath of God. Increasingly, also, I disliked the connection between my preaching and my livelihood. Why should I capitalize that which after all was *God's free gift* to me? Would it not be better to support myself as other men did by productive labor, and when I preached preach out of the love of my heart, *freely?* When a thing is real to a man does it ever fail somehow to come out? Do you have to offer the Arab trader a salary to preach Mahomet? You do not. And I came to the conclusion that when you have to pay a man to preach Christ, he is not worth listening to. He may make a good priest, but no prophet has ever been a hireling.

Also, I was coming to believe that it was socially pernicious to have a group of men, such as the clergy, set aside as specially qualified to think for the rest of the people and tell them what is right and what is wrong. Is not the same God who is in the minister also in the miner and the murderer? Are there not many things which God can say to his people through a farmer, a shoemaker, an office-boy, a mother, which He cannot say through a priest? Do not people tend to make of their ministers a crutch, and to allow them to stand *between* them and their God? Are they not then a group of parasites which people have come to believe necessary but which in reality they would be better off without? I decided that they were.

Finally, I no longer held the orthodox Protestant creed. I believed that Jesus was born as all men are born, and that he died as all men die —which is to say, not at all, *really*. I believed that *every* man is divine in just the same sense that Jesus was, the difference being only that most men are far less aware of it. The doctrine of the atonement in one or another of its forms taught either that one man can take the place of another in the sight of God—which is false—or that God demanded the price on the counter before He delivered the goods of forgiveness—and this is blasphemy. With these and other growing convictions I believed that I had no right to stay in the pulpit.

So, some little while after resigning my church, I demitted the ministry also. And thus this double-door too was closed to me, and the Love in my heart which, even to me perhaps unknown, was seeking for a place where it could give itself fully and in accord with Truth, was driven on. Little by little, I was going down and down, becoming less and less respectable, more and more casting influence to the winds and drawing closer and closer to the hearts of the people.

It is easier to relate these changes than it was to go through them. My faith in the church, in its mission and in its people, and my dreams of what I could do as a minister, were too deeply rooted in me to be given up without bitter struggle. Every one of these changes was *across* the line of least resistance. They meant the breaking of old idols, the fading and passing of long cherished dreams and aspirations, the loss of many dear friends, the abandoning of a vocation for which I had undergone years of costly and laborious study and training—all to follow, I knew not certainly what or whither. Often the fear of the unknown seized upon me as I faced the uncertainty of the future. Maybe it was indeed true, as I heard on every hand, that I was just throwing away my life and making a fool of myself.

All this was bad enough, but there was something else far worse. These changes within me and the things I did in consequence, fell like crushing blows upon those whom I loved most, and who loved me most, and who, through long years had given themselves for me without reserve. It was one thing for Love's sake to suffer; but could I *cause* suffering in the name of Love? There were times in plenty when I felt that I simply *could not do* the things I felt God gave me to do, that I must turn back, even though it meant parting with Him and giving my life up to a second-best of more or less time-serving and the cynicism that would go with it. But then would come those relentless words, "whosoever loveth father or mother more than me," and with them the assurance that Truth could and would be found by him who loved it with his whole being, and that *everything* which the terrible servant of Truth might do, would in the long run and at last, bring fuller life not merely to him, but to all others involved. And in that faith I would again blind my eyes, and stop up my ears, and harden my heart to the demand of the world and the appeal of sentiment, that I might see and hear and heed only Him who carries us all in the hollow of His hand and in ways often beyond our understanding, is leading us all unto Himself, whom to know is Life eternal.

My Experience in the World of Labor

I turned next to the world of labor. It was a new field for me. What I might turn up in it I did not know. Possibly I would become an organizer or a propagandist. But in any case I wanted to find out first-hand what men had to do in this country to make a living. I worked my way from the Atlantic to the Pacific, finding jobs in coal mines, steel mills, automobile and tire factories, iron mines, copper mines, railroad section gangs and lumber camps. Everywhere I shared the life of my fellow-workers. I saw the constant heaviness, monotony, dirtiness and danger of their labor. I came to realize the slavery by which men are compelled under the lash of hunger to sell themselves into another's employ. Everywhere I sought to find out what the men's grievances were and the means by which they hoped to get a better world. With none was I so much impressed as with the I. W. W.'s. Most of the talk against them is the result of capitalistic fear and capitalist newspaper lies. Their brotherhood is much more open-armed than that of the Church, their understanding of economics is more sound than that of most college graduates, and their devotion to their cause reminds one of the Christians, not of today, but under the Roman Caesars. Also, of all the radical labor groups, they are the most generally opposed to a resort to violence.

And yet, I could not but recognize at last that the men in the working class were at bottom just about the same as the men in the owning class. It was a case of one having what the other wanted. On the whole, each believed that life (or access to life) depended upon the abundance of *things* which a man *possesseth.* It was an issue of power, in which each side was summoning every resource at its command to put its will over on the other side. It was a war, in which the spirit and the methods were the same as those used in international war—much, much more of right and reason (and of beautiful idealism and devotion especially among the more radical leaders) on the side of the workers than on the side of the capitalists and bankers, and yet, it was a *war.* And in war I had already decided that I could take no part, and I was sure that out of this particular welter of selfishness there could never come the world of brotherhood of which I, and so many others with me, had long been dreaming. The capitalist system was a thing of utter iniquity, but what we needed more than any change of system was a change in the hearts of people. What we needed most was not a revolution which could only put one master class in the place of another but a revolution in human hearts in which selfishness would go off the throne and Love, with its passion for equality, for unfailing trust, and for long-suffering, would ascend it. And then the also necessary change of system would happen as a matter of course and of consequence.

So another door closed against me.

BILL SIMPSON.

Wallington (Passaic), New Jersey.

[*To Be Concluded*]

Correspondence

War Debts

Editor of UNITY:

American public opinion in regard to the debts owed to our government by our former allies has at least changed for the better in that, instead of expecting to get back the full amount of the debts with legal interest, we are today willing to admit that the controlling factor in the debt settlements should be how much the debtor nations can pay without deranging their economic life. To that extent, conservative opinion is coming nearer to the position of those thorough-going Pacifists who favor cancellation or at any rate very lenient terms.

I suggest that cancellationists should consider revising their position likewise. Surely it would be unwise to make a present to the swashbuckling Mussolini, of the full amount which Italy has agreed to pay. It might only result in making it easier for the Italian Fascist Government to finance coups d'Etat in other countries such as the one in Lithuania; or to threatening Jugo-Slavia, as they bullied Greece at the time of the Corfu affair.

Our generosity might be misplaced if, in forgiving France her debts, we made it easier for her government to finance such military projects as the subjection of the Riffs, the bombardment of Damascus, or the conquest of the Druses. If the necessity of making payments to us causes the British Government to hesitate before undertaking to pay the costs of intervention against the Cantonese in China, as British merchants in China and the London Daily Mail are urging, those payments may well be a boon to the world, not a curse.

It would seem, therefore, that the proper course in regard to the debts is for our government to offer to reduce the amounts of the debts below the amount now asked or already agreed on in proportion as our debtors reduced their expenditures on armaments below the pre-war level. To do this would help to stimulate the Socialist and Labor forces in Europe, who have generally been opposed to large expenditures on armaments, to redoubled efforts. For according as they succeeded in forcing their governments to reduce expenditures on armaments they would be able to gain American leniency in regard to the debts, and thus make a double saving in the government's budget. At the same time, it would put the reactionaries and militarists within the countries that owe us money, in the unpleasant position of forfeiting American leniency in regard to the debts, and thus make their appeal to public opinion in their own lands less likely to be successful.

Such a program would attract many of those who are convinced that we should settle on the basis of how much our debtors can pay. For the chief difficulty in negotiating a debt settlement on the basis of the debtor's capacity to pay is the difficulty of determining that capacity. Expenditures on armaments as a gauge of capacity to pay has the great advantage of being readily ascertainable. Such a gauge would also be a fairly accurate one. For no nation can honestly claim inability to repay money received when it is able to spend large sums on armaments.

Of course in armament questions it is even more necessary for American Pacifists to take the mote out of our own eye than it is to worry about the beams in our neighbors' eyes. It ill becomes us to talk about the expenditures of our debtors on armaments at a time when our government is spending more on armaments than any other country, and frankly threatening the world with a new naval race in cruisers. Consequently our government should accompany its offer to reduce the debts agreed upon or demanded from our debtors according as they reduce their expenditures on armaments, with a pledge that we will reduce our armaments according as the armaments of all our debtors taken together are reduced in response to our offer. In this manner we would give a proof of our sincere interest in reduction of armaments and at the same time our govern-

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

GANDHI COMES TO CALIFORNIA

Some months ago, while I was yet editing *The Open Forum*, with which I have only a contributing connection now, Karl Spiess Robinson came up from Carlsbad, near San Diego, to see me and inquire whether there was anything he could do to help in the work we had in hand.

Karl is somewhat Tolstoyan in appearance, as he is most emphatically in his convictions and views. His German origin shows in his face and figure, though he is himself American born. He was in prison during the war. But he talks little about himself, and although I have had intimate acquaintance with him these many months, it was only the other day I learned through the Los Angeles *Record*, which I had asked to investigate his course and its meaning, this much of the background of his testimoney. The *Record* was quick to apprehend the "human interest" of the story and made an admirable statement of the matter in the issue of February 3. The following has to do with Robinson's career thus far:

Robinson's history is interesting. His grandfather, a revolutionist in Germany, fled that country in 1847, settled in Scranton, Penn., where he became a wealthy brewer. The business was taken up by Robinson's father, who gave huge sums to charitable enterprises.

From 1910 to 1914 young Robinson lived in luxury and night life while learning the brewery business. Then his father died. So profound was the reaction that the youth decided to relinquish his easeful life and search profoundly for truth. In the succeeding years, having foregone his personal fortune, he has traveled as a common workman in all parts of the country, seeking every opportunity to preach the purpose of peace.

Conscripted in 1917, Robinson left no doubt as to his pacifistic tendencies. He was taken from Camp Dix, N. J., thrown into a dungeon at Governor's Island, sentenced to ninety-nine years in Leavenworth Federal penitentiary and there spent ten months—until the armistice—in subterranean solitary of the Moro castle order. . . .

Here also is the account of Robinson's recent arrest, as given by the *Record* and his bearing in jail, and the burden of the "testimony" which this California Gandhi is seeking to give at the risk of his own life. . . .

Robinson was arrested January 14 on charges of "blocking traffic" and "advertising in the streets," when he was found selling magazines, noted for their promulgation of peaceful methods, close to a government army recruiting station in Pershing Square. Municipal Judge Richardson sentenced him to serve thirty days on the first charge and gave him a ninety-day suspended sentence on the second.

And what is this crime for which police arrest and judges sentence a citizen of the United States? Let Robinson relate what happened:

"I bought a few copies of the *Nation* and proceeded to sell them in Pershing Square. A patrolman politely explained to me that the parks of Los Angeles had been given by far-sighted citizens for the rest and comfort of the people, and that not even newsboys are allowed to sell papers within the park limits. I readily saw his point and went away.

"A few days later, seated in the park, I noticed the statue of a soldier, dramatically carrying the colors. Un-

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mental budget would gain by reduction in expenditures on armaments all the money that we might lose in reduced payments by our debtors.

Such a program is particularly valuable because it can be put into effect at any time in the sixty-two years during which our debtors must pay us according to the terms of the debt settlements already made. It is unlikely in the present stage of American public opinion that Pacifists will have much influence on the government's policies in the next two years during which settlements will probably be concluded with our remaining debtors. But we can fairly hope to achieve more influence, if not power, in less than sixty-two years. And at any time before then our government could make an offer to our debtors along the lines here suggested.

Your readers will be interested in knowing that both in Massachusetts and in New York the Socialist candidates for the United States Senate proclaimed a policy in regard to the debts along the lines of this program.

Boston, Mass. ALFRED BAKER LEWIS.

From a Friend in China

. . . No doubt you have been reading many exaggerated reports about the recent happenings in Hankow. One thing you will have noticed during the past year and a half is that although Chinese crowds seen constantly to be demonstrating against the foreigner and yelling "Kill the foreigner," you never see any casualty list appended. A Chinese mob yells "Kill the foreigner" the way a baseball crowd in the States yells "Kill the umpire," and with about as much result. Of course now that the Powers are massing their gunboats and marines in Shanghai, it may be that the powder-keg really will be touched off, and there actually will be another Boxer uprising. The outstanding feature of the past year and a half, however, has been not the violence of the Chinese people but rather their great restraint under severe provocation.

Most foreigners still seem anxious to continue their grip on their special privileges. They are blind as well as conscienceless as it can't be done in the China of today and tomorrow. X.

Shoot the Tiger

The battle of UNITY in the "Outlawry of War" is splendid. Outlawry is the only road that gets anywhere. Our everlastingly timorous attempts to accomplish something by inches, by limiting armaments a little, by trying to make war a little more merciful, and the like, is mere futile "pottering," "tinkering," "fiddling," pulling out a few hairs from the tiger's tail, or trimming down one or two of his claws. We have got to SHOOT THE TIGER. *Outlawry does it. Nothing else does or can.*

What could we accomplish in trying to prevent murder or arson, if both were legal? In the days of duelling and slavery there was no possibility of stopping those terrible and long-standing evils until they were outlawed. The absolutely necessary first step was to make them crimes. Then they soon disappeared. If we would stop war, we must make it a crime. This takes away its legal support, makes any nation engaging in it a felon, and arrays all the powerful machinery and influences of law, of law courts, of recognized order and justice and of public opinion, against it. That means death.

Everything else is mere playing with the tiger,—trying to tie him with little strings, as if he were a pet lamb which we must not hurt. He laughs; snaps the strings whenever he pleases, remains exactly the same old insatiate man-eater that he has been for ten thousand years,—and is ready at any moment to spring on the nations from behind any petty national quarrel in the world. Let us shoot him, before he devours another thirty millions of men, women and children, as in 1914 to 1918.

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

derneath was the inscription, 'Your deeds will live forever on the most glorious pages of American history.' I turned my eyes. Here, in the place set up by the city for the recreation of its weary, was a sidewalk tent, surrounded by machine guns, hand grenades and rifles with fixed bayonets. Uniformed men talked to a crowd, in order to pass which made it necessary for pedestrians to walk in the street.

"The answer seemed simple. If the forces of war may use the park for propaganda, why should not the powers of peace be given the same privilege? I got some more magazines, stood by the tent and sold them. When I stated my belief, the officer called a patrol wagon."

There is no resentment in the heart of Karl Robinson. He realizes that the battle for peace must be won by peaceful methods. Even in his cell block, where forty men and boys of twelve nationalities are held, Robinson finds the spirit of brotherhood can surpass the bigotries of race and color and religion.

He is well liked in prison, and is treated kindly there, nor has any undue hardship been imposed upon him, save that his bail was fixed at the altogether unnecessary figure of $1,000, reduced when brought into court for trial to $250. The American Civil Liberties Union busied itself on his behalf as soon as his arrest was known and bail was offered him, but refused, for reasons which are evident enough now. But those who called upon him and talked with him did not get at his intention until a few days ago, when he put into my hands, with the consent of the official in charge of the jail, a lengthy statement of just what he is trying to do. Even his friends thought him a little "off" at first, or unduly set in his determination to exercise his civic rights and stand punishment if he could not speak freely in the parks his abhorrence of war. This is, however, to quite misunderstand the deliberation and intelligence with which he has gone to work to raise the issue before the public as to the right of the Federal authorities, in particular the War Department, with its aggressive and widely offensive militaristic propaganda, to seize upon our city parks and use them as recruiting grounds, with Prussian arrogance and self-assertiveness, while excluding therefrom through the local courts any freedom of the citizens to make public protest on behalf of peace.

Robinson is in earnest. He is neither a fanatic nor an egotist. I confess I quite misunderstood him at first, and was disposed to regard him as off-balance mentally in a mild degree. I am more inclined now to regard him as a little saner than the rest of us, and certainly much more willing to take his convictions seriously, and die for them if need be. Before we are done with him, Karl Robinson is going to force the issue of military propaganda by our War Department to such attention on the part of peace lovers all over America as will justify, I think, whatever may happen to him in a personal way.

ROBERT WHITAKER.

Open Forum.

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10:30 A. M.

March 18—Frederick Starr
The Isles of Fear
Dr. Starr returned from Japan in December. He attended as delegate from the University of Chicago, the Pan-Pacific Science Congress at Tokyo in October and spent a month in Korea.

March 25—Henry Neumann
Can Human Nature Be Changed?
Leader, Brooklyn Society of Ethical Culture.

April 1—Harry Elmer Barnes
Responsibility for the World War

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